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Written for the Green Mountain Freeman.

Autumn Rain.

The Autumn rain, the Autumn rain,
The dripping, drenching Autumn rain;
Dashing against the window-pane,
Spitting in its stormy glee,
Splashing in the mimic sea
That gathers round the door.

The Autumn rain—a cheerless thing—
With thought of joy or hope to bring,
No songs of gladdened fields to sing;
Dull heavy drops come hurrying by
As molten from a leaden sky,
And cooled in coming down.

The Summer rain, the Summer rain,
How hopeful its awakening strains,
How joyous sounds its glad refrain!
Aow soft its pattering footsteps fall
Upon the flowering maples tall,
And groves of whispering pines.

But when the Autumn rain comes down,
Whether in country, whether in town,
Then nature wears her gloomiest power;
Our thoughts too, like the fading leaf
Assume the hues of Nature's grief—
Her tears—the Autumn rain.

But though the clouds may sweep and lower,
To tinge with cheer the passing hour,
O! Autumn rain, thou hast no power
To move me by thy tender tears:
For on the future's golden years
The light of Hope shines clear.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860,
by S. S. Boyce, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court
for the District of Vermont.

THE UNKNOWN MOTHER; OR, SHADOWS O'ER LIFE'S PATHWAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MORRIS MONTELLA."

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER IV.

"Thou art like thy mother, child."

Yet it could not be love, for I know not the name:
What passion can dwell in the heart of a child?

ByRON.

She had a dream of the Spirit Land,
One morn'g the leaves grew dim,
And her eyelids drooped and she went away
To tinge with the vermillion.

J. W. S.

"Lordy sakes, aunt Judy, did you ever see
such a long day as dis ar'?" "pears to me I neber
did. Seems as if Massa an' Miss Ellie neber
would come," and Milly, old Sol's handsome
daughter, now one of the housemaids, paused
before aunt Judy, looking as if her patience
was nearly exhausted.

"Laws, child, don't you be so onsey, it's a
long way to do station, and mebbe do cars ar'
delayed, so Miss Ellie haint got dar yet."

"I 'sume somethin' will happen so she won't
come."

"Have you prepared her room, every thing
jest as will suit young Missus?"

"Yes, I've ordained the flowers twenty times
to-day, an' Lottie thinks they'll do."

"Ordained, honey, I s'pose you mean ar-
ranged—"

"Yis, so I does, but any way I meant to have
'em so de purtiest one will see her fust. Mebbe
she'll not car' so much about 'em as she used to,
fore she went away. Lordy sakes, I wish
they'd over come."

"Why, Milly, what an impatient child you
be! perhaps they'll not come at all to-night,
what'll you do den?"

"I do know, but I guess I ain't de only im-
patient on dar is, by de way, Massa Rupert
keeps walkin' from de sittin'-room out on de
'randah an' den back agin. I'm thinkin' he's
in some hurry, an' if he wasn't so lazy, he'd
ride out an' meet 'em. Den dar's Lottie, I
s'pect she'll have a disaffection in her eyes, for
lookin' out so much. Lordy sakes, how much
she does think of her darlin', as she calls Miss
Ellie."

"Well, Milly, it's nat'ral she should think
a heap on her, she's allers been jes' like a moth-
er to her. But thar, Mrs. Croyden wants you."

And Milly disappeared just as Rupert again
went out to look for the carriage. This time
was more successful than he had been before,
for a few moments later the old family carriage
rolled up the broad avenue and paused at the
steps. Mr. Merlyn instantly alighted and assist-
ed the bright, smiling Euloeen to the ground,
where she met the warm greeting of Rupert,
and scarcely had he released her hand ere Milly
sprang down the steps and caught it, covering
it with kisses, while she exclaimed:

"Lordy sakes, Miss Ellie, how handsome
you've grown!"

"Thank you, Milly, I think you deserve a
return of your compliment, for I see you have
changed greatly."

And then, as Rupert assisted her up the stone
steps, Mrs. Merlyn came forward and greeted
her quite affectionately. Mrs. Croyden stood
in the door, and behind her was aunt Judy and
several other of the blacks, all waiting to get
a kind word from "Miss Ellie," and lastly
Lottie, her white face flushed with joyful emo-
tion, clasped the hand of her young charge,
and drew her up stairs to her room, when she

laid aside Euloeen's bonnet and scarf, and then
folding her to her heart in a warm caress, she
whispered,

"God be praised, that I see you again, my
darling, my own Ellie."

With equal tenderness did Euloeen return
Lottie's fond caress, for with the love of a child
did she regard Lottie, and often had she sighed
to be again with her. There were many ques-
tions to ask while Euloeen arranged her dress,
and then, after smoothing her soft curls, she
espied Milly's bright flowers and selecting one
from among them, she placed it in her hair and
descended to the drawing-room.

There she found Rupert, her aunt and father.
Rupert quickly rose, drew out an easy chair for
her, saying:

"You must be much fatigued, Euloeen, take
this chair."

And as she, thanking him, complied, he took
another near by, and both joined in asking and
answering questions, till the tea-bell summoned
them to the table.

After tea Rupert called her out upon the ver-
andah to look at the Western sky, where the
sun was slowly descending, surrounded by rose-
tinted, golden and crimson clouds.

"Do you have the view of such lovely sun-
sets at R——?"

"Not many," she replied. "Yet oh! is
that not lovely, and it seems even brighter that
I can see it from home."

"Have you been anxious to get home again?"
he asked.

"Yes; you know it has been a year since I
was here. You have been more fortunate, Rup-
ert, and could come when you chose."

"Yes, but it has never seemed so much like
home, before, as it does this eve, because you
are here, Euloeen."

"Well, I am glad you are here now, every-
thing will be natural, and I expect to be very
happy this vacation."

"Are you too much fatigued to take a stroll
beneath the shade trees, just as we did so often
when I was at home last summer?" asked Rup-
ert.

"Not in the least," she replied, "and togeth-
er they sought each familiar walk, while each
related things which had occurred to them in
the past year."

Upon their return to the house, Mr. Merlyn
met them at the door, and taking Euloeen's
hand affectionately in his, said:

"Mrs. Hamilton informed me that you had
made great progress in the study of music, Eu-
loeen, and that you might not lose anything for
want of practice during your vacation. I have
had the old piano replaced by a new one, which
I hope you will accept as a testimonial of your
father's love."

And so saying he led the way to the parlor,
which she had not before entered, where she
found a splendid rosewood piano awaiting her
pleasure.

"O! father, dear father," nothing could
have pleased me better; how shall I be able to
express my gratitude for so beautiful a gift!"
and twining her arms around his neck, her eyes
already filled with grateful tears.

"By always being just what you are to me,"
he replied, "the dearest, best of daughters,
and the perfect image of your mother."

"O! may I prove myself worthy of such an
appellation, and ever resemble my mother,
since it is pleasing to you."

"Only in person would I have you resemble
her, my Ellie," he quickly added. "May
your fate never be like hers."

"Am I never to know what that was, fa-
ther? You said perhaps you would tell me
sometimes."

"Not now, darling. I did wrong to remind
you of her, but you look so much as she did
when I first knew her that I forgot myself.—
Forgive me for being so thoughtless."

"I have nothing to forgive, and you have
left me nothing to regret, only that I cannot
soothe the sorrow of your heart."

"Hush, dear child, you do soothe it. But dry
these tears, and give me some music, then shall
we both recover our cheerfulness."

He placed the stool and she sat down, though
it was some moments ere she regained her com-
posure, and then when her fingers pressed the
snowy keys there came forth a low, soft prelude,
sweet as the echo of a spirit-song. But sudden-
ly changing it, as if a new thought occurred,
she played one of Beethoven's grand anthems
that her father loved, and which she had often
heard him sing.

She waited until she heard his voice and then
joining her own, the holy song floated through
the room, and through the house, till every in-
mate turned towards the parlor door. When
it was finished, she played a lively march, then
her father said, "give us a song, Ellie;" and,
after pausing a second or two, she sang "Sweet
Home," in a voice of the sweetest melody.

Swiftly flew the moments, lights were brought
in, and still, at the request of her friends, Eu-
loeen sang and played, till, at last, her father
drew her away from the instrument saying:

"That will do, Ellie, you will be ill to-mor-
row, if we keep you up any longer."

And soon after, bidding them a kind good
night, she sought her room, and there kneeling
down, she offered the simple orison of a loving
and grateful heart, then sleep, "the sweet re-
storer," speedily closed her weary eyelids.

Bright and joyous were the days that follow-
ed. If it rained, Euloeen played and sang, or
her father or Rupert read from some favorite
volume, and when the weather was fine, there
was a splendid black pony which had taken the
place of the bay one she used to ride, at her
command, and accompanied by her father and
Rupert, but oftener by Rupert only, she visited
all her old familiar haunts. Many, O! many
were the pleasant hours which fled away in
those few weeks, and often she felt that she
chased the shadow from her father's brow.

To tell the pleasure which Rupert enjoyed,
would be impossible. The best of brothers or
the fondest lover could not have been more at-
tentive. And as he saw every day how the
sweet child, who had been so fair even in child-
hood, was expanding into the still more lovely
girl, his admiration grew yet deeper, and strong-
er became the resolution to win her. Yet
there are resolutions made sometimes that are
never accomplished, and Rupert began to think
perhaps his might be one of those, at the close
of a conversation they had one day, as the vaca-
tion was drawing to an end.

She had been so frank and confiding all
along, his hopes had strengthened, not dream-
ing that this same frankness originated from the
sisterly affection she had for him. She had al-
ways turned the subject whenever he had hint-
ed, even the most distant, at the probability
of their union, but this day she had replied:

"Rupert, I wish you would not ever say or
think any thing about me getting again, be-
cause I do not think it will be."

"Why do you think so, Ellie?" he quickly
asked.

"Because I do not think I shall ever love
you well enough, I have not a wish or thought
that you should ever be anything more to me
than the same dear brother you always have
been, and I have been thinking if I never
should have any other feeling about it, I was do-
ing wrong not to tell you. Forgive me, dear
Rupert, if, from thoughtlessness, I have already
done wrong, I did not intend to do so."

He did not reply for some moments, and
then he looked again on her sweet face, sadden-
ed with the thought that she was giving him
pain, and said:

"Ellie, why do you think you cannot love
me well enough, you are young yet, and may
learn to love me, and I will willingly wait."

"No, Rupert, it would not be best, for if I
should not, then it would be worse for you."

"Not worse than it is now, and I am willing
to run the risk, you will like me better, Ellie, I
will make you love me, if you will let me
hope."

"I fear not, as you would wish me to love
you."

"But why not, Ellie? there is some reason
that you do not tell, perhaps you have already
seen some one you like better at R——, is it
so?" he anxiously asked.

"No, Rupert, no, it is not so."

"Then if you love me best of any one, why
do you wish me to banish the thought of our
union?"

"Because it is only a sister's love I have for
you, and surely, Rupert, you ought to be satis-
fied, and convinced it is better you should hope
for nothing more. Say that you will not, but
let us be the same dear brother and sister we
have been, looking forward to nothing farther."

"No, Ellie," he said angrily. "I must be
all or nothing, I will not accept a sister's love
from you."

"O! say not so," replied Euloeen, in a dis-
tressed tone.

"I will say it," he quickly added, more an-
grily, "because I will not accept it, nay nor
your friendship either, if you will not love me,
I ask nothing."

"O, Rupert, my brother, you—"

"Hush," he interrupted, quickly, "I shall
hate you if you call me so, I will not be your
brother, remember what I say."

"I shall not remember it, Rupert, because
you are angry, and you know not what you
say, and you will think differently when you
are calm."

"I am calm now, Miss Merlyn, and you will
see that I shall remain so. But I do not care
to say, or hear more."

And the rest of their ride both remained si-
lent, and when they reached home, he allowed

her father, who came out, to assist her from
her horse, and after coldly thanking her for the
pleasure of her company, he turned away, and
she saw him not again that day. Her father
marked the tone of Rupert's words, and saw
that she was distressed about something, but
forbore to make any inquiries then, so Ellie,
too, disappeared.

"Well had it been for Rupert had he heeded the
gentle request, 'let us be the same dear brother
and sister we have been.' But such was not
his disposition, it was as he had said, 'I must
be all, or nothing.' In rejecting the lover, she
could not retain the friend."

Such were his feelings the remainder of the
day, but at night, when he reflected, he re-
membered she had said he had not a rival, and
after long hours spent in thought, he resolved
that he would not give her up, if she did not
love another, he might perhaps by acting as
her friend, yet win her. Yes, he would seek
her in the morning, and tell her he would be
her brother, her friend, but he would hope for
nothing else, yet inwardly he would hope, and
he would win her.

Following this resolution, he sought Euloeen
in the morning, and after asking her to forgive
his anger the preceding day, which she readily
did, he continued:

"I have seen my error. Let us be friends,
yes, let me be your brother, as you said, Eu-
loeen, and I will hope for no more."

And Euloeen, too artless herself to look for
deception in another, joyfully assented. Dur-
ing the remainder of their stay at home, Rup-
ert said not one word that could betray his
still cherished plans, and Euloeen believing his
words had all been sincere, and seeing that he
always appeared as cheerful as before, soon for-
got the circumstance, and was as happy as
ever.

A few days before they were to return, among
the letters brought in one morning, there was
one with a foreign post-mark for Mr. Merlyn.
Euloeen noticed that so soon as her father
glanced at it his countenance changed visibly,
but he immediately rose and sought his room.
Wondering what it could contain, Euloeen
slowly went to her chamber, and commenced a
letter to Mrs. Hamilton, but ere she had finish-
ed it, Milly appeared at the door and exclaimed:

"Lordy sakes, Miss Ellie, I guess Massa's
done got some bad news. I jest went by the li-
br'y door, an' he called me in, an' told me to
find you, an' tell you he'd like to see you. I
never seed him look so white."

Euloeen waited not to hear more, and was
beside her father, whom she found considerably
agitated, from some cause or other.

"What is it, dear father, what bad news
have you heard?" she quickly inquired.

Closing the door, he drew her close to him,
imprinted a kiss on her brow, then placing her
a chair, he sat down himself, and still retain-
ing her hand, he replied:

"That which in the end may prove good
news, I hope, my darling, but best it should not,
my daughter must forgive me for not telling
her what it is."

"As you think best, father, but Milly said
you wished to see me."

"And so I did, to tell you that, on account
of the information I have received, it is neces-
sary that I should start for Europe in the next
steamer."

"For Europe, father," exclaimed Euloeen,
in blank astonishment.

"Yes, Ellie, and I regret that I cannot take
you with me, but as my stay must be short, I
hardly think it best for you to leave school.—
Can you be content with such an arrange-
ment?"

"As what, father?" said Euloeen, not half
comprehending a word he had said.

"To return to school, and let me go alone.—
I shall not stay long."

"O, father! can I have so many miles be-
tween us?" and the tears started to her eyes.

"But I must go, Ellie."

"What if you should never return?" "O! I
cannot let you go, father, I cannot," and start-
ing up, she threw her arms around his neck,
and sobbed upon his bosom. Her father seemed
much distressed, yet soon replied:

"If by going, I could obtain that knowledge
which would remove the sorrow of my heart,
that I have carried for sixteen years, and then
returning, could tell my Ellie that she had a
mother whom she could then know, without
fear or shame, could you not spare me, dar-
ling?"

"A mother?" said Euloeen, raising her
head, and looking him in the face wonderingly.

"Are you going to be married, father?"

"Never, Ellie," he replied, emphatically.

"What do you mean, then? My mother is
dead."

"What if I should say, Ellie, that though I

have allowed you to receive that impression,
yet she was not dead?"

"O! father, it cannot, cannot be she is liv-
ing; you know not what you say," and a look
of intense alarm came over her face for she be-
gan to fear he was losing his reason.

"She is living, dear child," he quickly said.

"O! my father, what terrible thing has
come over you and turned your brain?" ex-
claimed Euloeen, in a tone of the deepest sor-
row.

"Nay, Ellie, I am perfectly sane. Do not
look at me so sorrowfully. I thought it would
be a joy to you to know that she lived, and it
is certainly so, dearest."

She could not doubt longer, he spoke with
such sincerity, and a light, such as he had
never seen, spread over her face, as she ex-
claimed,

"Living, living! O, can it be? and I never
yet have seen her. O, father, shall I ever look
upon my mother living on the earth?"

"I will tell you, Ellie, darling child," he
said, gazing upon her adoringly: "I will tell
you all. But,—no," he quickly added, as if a
second thought would not allow it. "No; it
would be wrong to raise hopes which perhaps I
cannot realize. No, Ellie, your mother lives
in your resemblance to her; but if I can find
that for which I go, then can I tell you of her,
so that you can love her, if you are not permit-
ted to know her."

"Are not permitted to know her, father?
You talk as if she was living, and then as if
she was not. O, tell me, tell me! I do love
her now. I will love her always."

"I do not know, Ellie. If you knew all,
perhaps you would not say so."

"I should, O, I should! Why should I
not? You love her, father, I know you do."

"I do, dear child. I confess with shame,
that I still love her."

"Shame, father? Why do you say that?"
He hesitated, but finally said,

"I must not tell you now. Perhaps when I
return—"

"You always say perhaps," she interrupted
sorrowfully.

"But if there is an uncertainty, I had bet-
ter say it, Ellie, had I not?"

She replied by saying,
"You have certainly admitted that she is
living, father—"

"If I have admitted it, Ellie, it must go no
farther. You must never let the revelation of
the fact pass your lips without my permission,
remember, Ellie. Do you promise me this?"
he asked.

"O, father! how can I say she is dead, if any
one should ask me if she is living?"

"No one will ask you here, and should any
one away, could you not say that you had
never known a mother's love? I would not
have my darling tell a falsehood for worlds."

"I will be silent, then, until it would be a
falsehood to remain so any longer. But, O fa-
ther, if I could know why you have been sepa-
rated so long; if I could know," she pleaded
gently.

"It would only give you sorrow, Ellie."

"I could bear it, father," she quickly re-
plied.

"Disgrace and shame, too, Ellie?"

"Shame, father,—that word again? O!
what do you mean?" and she laid her face
upon his shoulder, while he felt a shudder run
through her frame.

As he made no reply, she presently raised
her head, and he was almost frightened at the
look of suffering upon her countenance.

"Ellie, Ellie, are you ill?" said he anx-
iously.

But she gently disengaged herself from his
arms, and kneeling down beside him, dropped
her head upon the arm of the chair, while she
murmured in a voice of touching sorrow,

"O, father, father! this is terrible."

"What is it, Ellie? Tell me," and he en-
deavored to raise her again to his arms, but she
resisted, and said:

"O, why did you not leave me in ignorance
forever? Why did you heed my entreaties,
since ignorance was bliss to this? O, father, it
will kill me."

"Ellie, what terrible thought possesses
you? Speak, and tell me quickly."

She raised her head, and tried to speak, but
failed at first. Then he faintly distinguished the
words,

"Was it so; was it so, father?" from her
white lips.

"What was so, my darling child?"

"Was she—was my mother—your wife?"
And she looked into his face as if her life de-
pended upon his answer. Mr. Merlyn started,
as if an arrow had struck his heart, and stern-
ly replied,

"Ellie, Ellie, is your father such a villain
in your eyes as these thoughts would imply?"